"BE MY LADY" DO

BY HARRY S. MARION.

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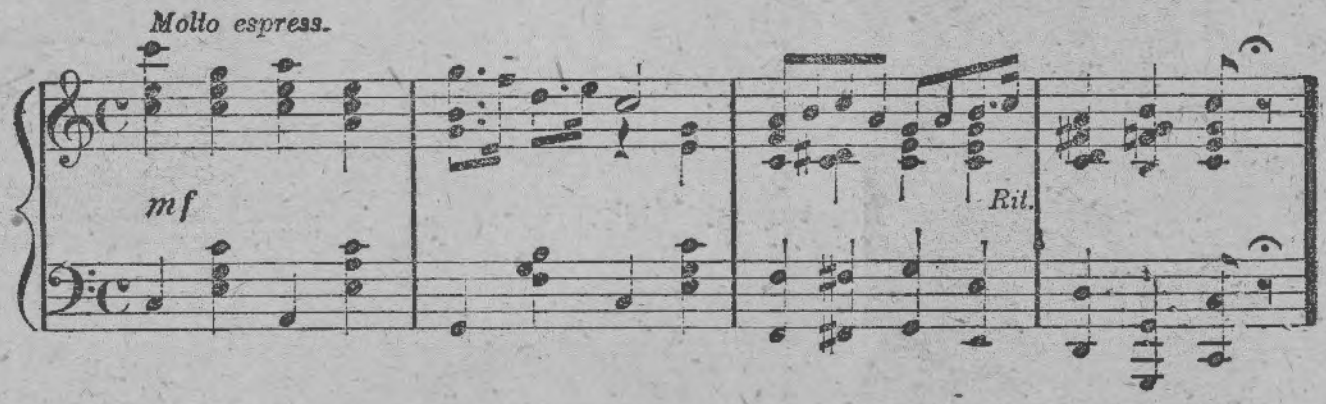
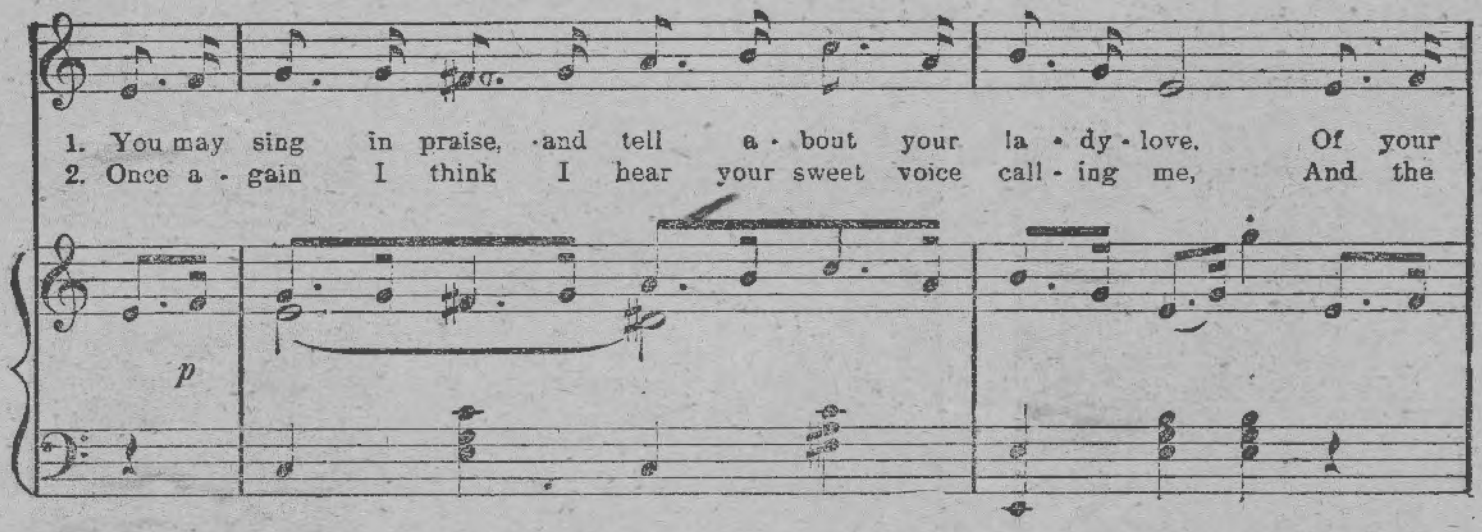
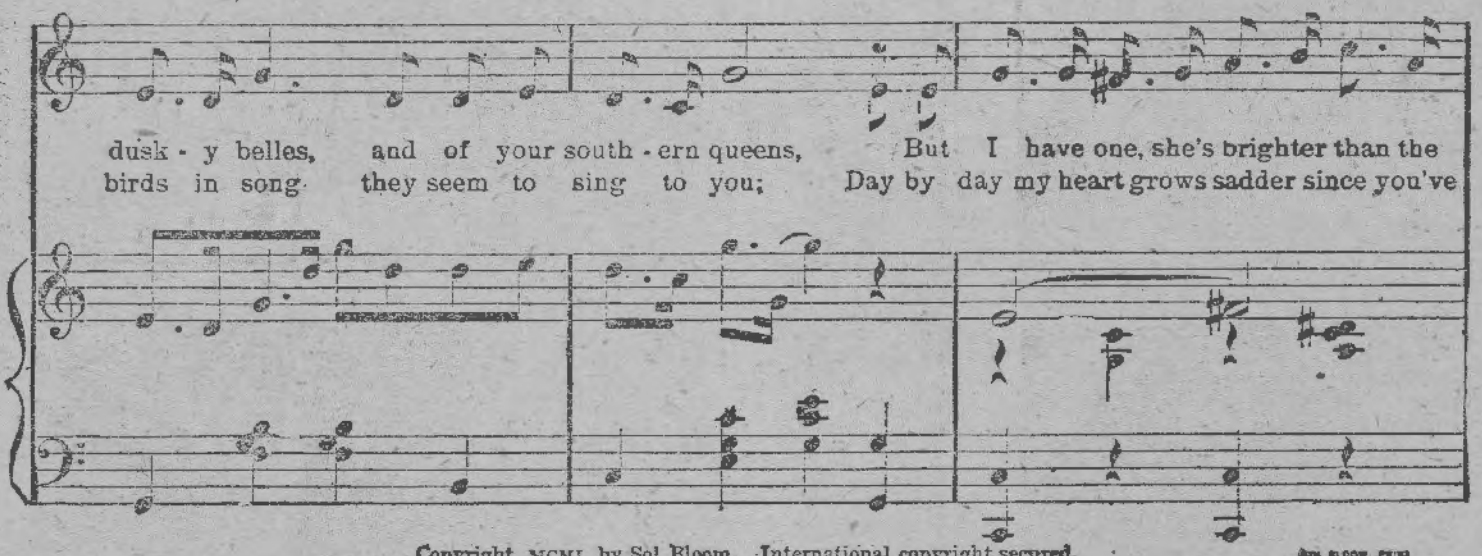


Slow.

1. You may sing in praise, and tell a - bout your la - dy - love. Of your
2. Once a - gain I think I hear your sweet voice call - ing me, And the



dusk - y belles, and of your south - ern queens, But I have one, she's brighter than the
birds in song they seem to sing to you; Day by day my heart grows sadder since you've



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stars a - bove. And I think of her for - ev - er in my
gone a - way. And the old place seems lone - ly with - out

dreams.... And when eve - ning comes, I'm seat - ed close be - side her While the
you..... A - gain I see the mead - ows where both you and I Were so

sil-v'ry moon shines brightly far a - bove..... As the night - in - gale is sing - ing in the
hap - py; it was there we used to play;..... Now the old church bell is ring - ing, and of

tree - tops to its mate, Then I sing to her this song of love:.....
you it seems to tell, A tale so sweet that none could say you nay.....

REFRAIN. Espress.

"Be my la - dy, Be my la - dy - love: You are rar - er, and you're fair - er

p

than the whit - est dove. Won't you an - swer? An - swer me, pray do;

Rit. *Tempo.*

Be my la - dy, make me hap - py; Be my la - dy, do."

Rit.